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A Congressional Wife in Wartime Washington

by Dorris B. Martin

The 1938 election was over! The months of campaigning spun around in my head. It was all a blur: chicken dinners in country churches, Tom's speeches, putting names and faces together. But we had won.

Our children, Dick and Brownlee, would be uprooted from high school to go to Washington and call a hotel home. Had we forgotten anything? There were new calling cards—Tom's with "Member of Congress, First District of Iowa." There was the family picture for the newspapers. A vision came to my mind of all the other newly-elected members of Congress and their families from all over the United States wending their ways on icy roads that December to our nation's capital, starry-eyed and perhaps lonely. Would we always be transients? Could Washington, D.C., be home? No, that would be political suicide.

On our way, in our new car, we mixed weariness with jubilation and then with annoyance when Brownlee told us she had never been inside Iowa's beautiful Old Capitol with its hanging staircase. It stood right in the center of the campus in our town. In disgust Tom said, "Shall we go back and show it to her?"

The roads in 1939 were not as fine as they are now. It was quite a trek from Iowa across the mountains. We tried to lighten our spirits with jokes, some of which we still remember. In

Washington, Pennsylvania, we pretended we had arrived and were looking for the Capitol. As we passed through states, we tried to name their senators and we exhausted all the travel games we knew.

At last! At last! Washington, D.C.!

Then the unexpected happened. Looking in all directions to take in the sights, we drove down Pennsylvania Avenue. Then the car hiccuped and came to a stop; we were out of gas right in front of the White House! Our consternation, as we realized where we were, was heightened by the armed guards who promptly popped out of the gatehouse. This was no trifling matter. The driveway must not be blocked. "Your identification, please!" Did we look like suspicious characters, we wondered? Proof of innocence seemed to be needed. Dick and Brownlee maintained absolute quiet for once. Tom refrained from disgracing his new identity as a member of Congress and merely showed his driver's license. He was directed to take a taxi to the nearest gas station, and we waited, mortified, for his return.

Anxious to get settled in Washington, we made the rounds of addresses we had been given. Several hotels had written us they were saving apartments for our inspection. This made it quite easy in those prewar days. How utterly different it was later!

Before evening we found a place to our liking; a furnished apartment in a hotel just off Du



Senator and Mrs. Martin in the Capitol with the statue of Iowa Senator James Harlan. (courtesy the author)

Pont Circle seemed to have everything—a roof garden and an attractive dining room. Its location in the first taxi zone meant one could ride over the main part of Washington for twenty cents; two people could ride for thirty cents.

This was an exceptionally busy time for Tom. Settling into his new office and engaging secretaries to assist the man he had brought from home would have more than filled his days, but immediately the House sessions began. Before long he was named to the important and very active Military Affairs Committee, apparently because he held a commission in the Regular Army.

I had to struggle with my own lesser problems, but I soon found the place I needed for information and genuine friendship: the Women's Congressional Club. The membership of the club, which had been incorporated by an act of Congress in 1908, was composed of the wives and daughters of members of Congress, the Cabinet, and the Supreme Court.

At the Congressional Club we wives of new members heard the appalling demands to be made on us. With the help of the old-timers, we started on the superhuman task of calling on every wife in government circles whose husband outranked the new member!

This unique situation, where one who hardly had set foot in town was expected to make the initial call, was further complicated by the need to make each call on a given day. In 1939 to make a call on the wrong day was failing to heed official position. When we got to an outlying apartment house, we naturally wished we might complete our calls there. We could only say to ourselves,

Monday—Supreme Court Day
Tuesday—House Members' Day
Wednesday—Cabinet Day
Thursday—Senate Day
Friday—Diplomatic Day.

However, since one was rarely received, we

"beat the game" by leaving friends' cards along with our own. When the door was opened by a maid or manservant and we heard the familiar, "Madam is not receiving today," we flicked over the corner of our cards (and of our friends), which indicated the call had been made in person, not by a chauffeur with the cards.

A very funny situation arose when we neophytes were out in rented chauffeur-driven cars paying homage to our superiors and return calls began to come to us! On Tuesday, our day "At Home," we would have loved to stay at home and receive callers, but we had to wade through the list of House members due to be called on.

Our only consolation was fingering and cherishing the lovely, crested cards, "Ambassador Extraordinary, Minister Plenipotentiary," which were delivered in our absence. We also comforted ourselves that never again would all this be expected of us.

The story of Congress passing the act incorporating the Women's Congressional Club has been retold many times at Founders' Day banquets.

The wives of the congressmen had persuaded nearly all of their husbands of the need for such a club, but one member of Congress disagreed vehemently. He insisted the women would make only trouble because of their differences in politics and that they could never manage their finances!

The wife of this member decided to take her dissenting husband in tow and remove him from the House floor at the critical time. As the story goes, she phoned him and in her sweetest voice asked him to take her to lunch in the House restaurant. Neither the House nor the Senate takes time out for lunch; the members leave individually as they see fit and go to one of the restaurants in the Capitol.

The plans were all laid. As soon as the dissenter left the floor, the bill was brought up and a charter was granted the Women's Congress-

sional Club by a unanimous vote!

The clubhouse was built in 1912 on land given by a senator's widow, Mrs. Henderson of Missouri. She realized the need for a club that would bring together the women from all the states who shared an entirely new life. To the gift of the land she added \$25,000 for the construction of the clubhouse. Her generosity was nearly matched by her idiosyncracies; she never ate meat nor drank alcoholic beverages. Along with her gifts she stipulated that alcohol never should be served in the clubhouse. This stipulation was actually followed until 1962. In a pageant the club put on one year, little Mrs. Henderson was represented as a ghost hovering over the club and munching a carrot!

The club was self-supporting from dues and various fund-raising projects, the principal one being the sale of cookbooks. During World War II, when printing was nearly impossible, the club published a book with recipes handwritten and signed by the donors. This cleared \$14,000 in profits during its first two years and more later.

The club was located on the corner of New Hampshire Avenue and Sixteenth Street, a few blocks north of the White House. It was built of white stone and stucco in a neo-classic style, with a balcony over the entrance, a circular drive in front quite typical of Washington, and small but beautifully manicured grounds, maintained by the National Botanical Gardens.

The club created opportunities for new members and old to share experiences that were sometimes puzzling, often thrilling, but always the very warp and woof of our existence. It took a bit of doing for all of us, grounded as we were in partisanship, to lay aside politics when we entered our clubhouse, but this was absolutely essential if the club's reputation for gracious hospitality was to be maintained. When we returned to Washington after hectic campaigning in our various states and chatted again with our good friends "from across the aisle," as our husbands always put it, real re-

straint was needed to refrain from comments about the hot campaign. This, no doubt, was good for our souls and was what made the club possible. Very rarely was there an explosion of feeling.

Of course, entertaining the first lady was the most important occasion of the year. At a luncheon for members only, Mrs. Roosevelt arrived with her familiar handbag, which resembled a suitcase. Some of us pondered how she would manage it at the table. One intrepid soul, who lived to regret her suggestion, asked Mrs. Roosevelt if she would care to leave it in the office. Mrs. Roosevelt promptly agreed. Then the awesome responsibility she had as-

sumed dawned on the clubmember! Who could know what valuable documents might be stored in that case! There was no drawer that locked which was large enough to hold it. That sad member sat out the party in the office with Mrs. Roosevelt's case on her knees while the rest of us enjoyed the luncheon. At the end of the year when the outgoing board entertained the new board and offered advice with the food, this particular member suggested that, at the next year's party, they let Mrs. Roosevelt "Swing her own luggage—er, handbag!"

We were brought close together in the club by many classes in public speaking, foreign languages, flower arrangement, health and ex-



Senator Martin greeting Mrs. F.E. Fields of Boone, Iowa, in his Washington, D.C., office in March 1958. From left to right: Mrs. Dorris B. Martin, Mrs. Fields, Senator Martin and Mrs. Amy Bradley of Manchester, Iowa, a member of the Senator's staff. (courtesy the author)

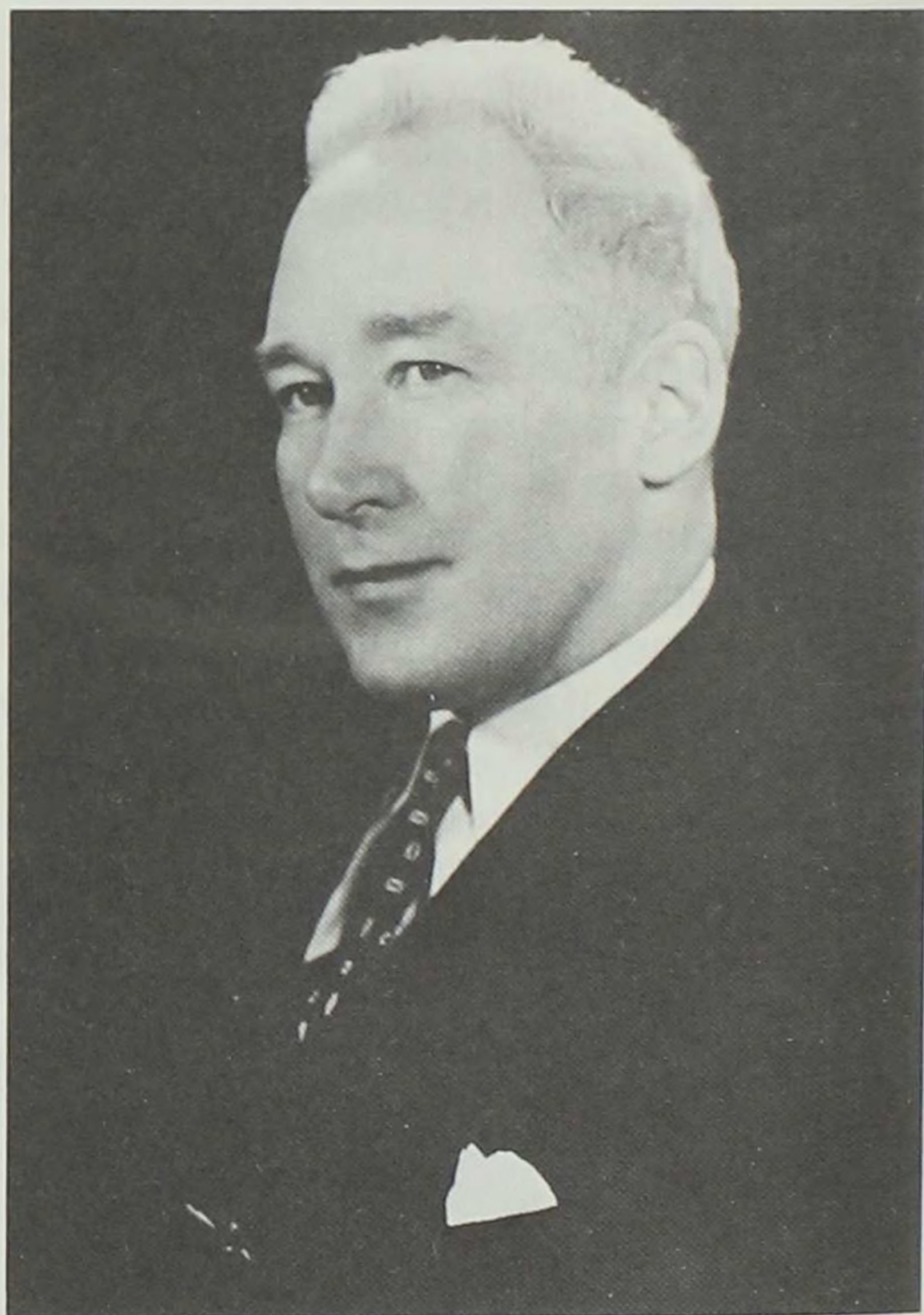
ercise, and even hat making. There were also hobby shows and art shows and congressional trips to New York City and Panama.

The club was the fountain of important information, such as "coffee outranks tea," which must never be forgotten in asking official wives to pour! We learned that guests, even in large numbers, must be seated exactly according to their official rank; when two or more had the same rank, the time of their state's entrance into the Union decided their placement. We laughed, but we never dreamed of defying this rule. We always found it hilarious applying rules of precedence to getting in and out of elevators, but somehow we didn't quite ignore them.

Each time we returned home I tried to answer the oft-repeated questions about social life in Washington. I felt an urge to show our Iowans Washington as it really was. I wanted to tell them how congressional people, pressed by world affairs and struggling with domestic problems, relieved their tense days with parties of all kinds.

The highly publicized cocktail and buffet parties were frequent enough, but the custom of always offering a variety of fresh fruit juices and soft drinks along with the regular drinks was not well known outside of Washington. These parties incidentally provided an easy way of entertaining constituents, who seemed to float about the capital in a steady stream.

For the diplomatic corps the contacts made at these parties were important to their jobs. Of necessity, they had to keep their wits about them at all times. It was often said these nights were an extension of office hours, redone in dinner jackets. From the mansions of Foxhall Road to the embassies along Massachusetts Avenue, the diplomats wove their way, the circuit covering some two hundred parties a month, one thousand a season. The food at the embassies was native and exotic. The Turks had grape leaves, the Arabs liked lamb, the



Thomas E. Martin (courtesy the author)

French served pastries, and the Koreans pine nut soup.

Such a pace called for restraint in drinking. A tipsy diplomat was not a successful one, and he was not common, so the diplomats carefully planned their consumption. Three cocktail parties and a dinner party nightly were mapped out, with probably nothing the first round, fruit juice on the second, a weak whiskey on the third, wine with dinner, and no after-dinner drinks.

At large parties, where two or more long dinner tables were used, seating plats were made and conspicuously placed in the foyer. A guest could then find his placement without trooping around the tables. When there were a number of long tables, as in the ballroom at the Congressional Club, assistant hostesses, clutching their lists, anxiously searched for the guests who were to be seated at their tables.

The Perle Mesta and Gwen Cafritz parties seemed to have enchanted everyone. I had my doubts, though, as to the legends of serious matters being settled under their glamorous roofs. Perhaps the guests who wandered out to the patio, down through the gardens, and around the swimming pool had some heavy words to exchange, but surely the noise limited any meeting of the minds indoors.

Most senators did not have time for the full treatment that the diplomatic corps gave to the party circuit. The time of adjournment each evening was completely unscheduled, so knowing whether we could make a party or, if we were staying at home, how long to hold dinner was a real problem. In the early evening, all of the telephones to the Capitol were generally in use, so I used to listen closely to the news on the radio to see whether the House and the Senate had folded up. In the days before Pearl Harbor, we dressed for dinner whenever we went out, but of course, such was not the custom for earlier parties. Things often became quite tricky. One could rush home and change between parties, adjust a bit in the car, or just brave it out.

The parties had some features that seemed glamorous to most people—a combo playing, perhaps, under a Picasso on an embassy wall; the distinct thrill of being announced in a loud voice when one entered a drawing room. The butler who was regularly engaged for most of the large, formal parties was much more familiar to us than our host on any given night. It became a matter of status to be recognized by him, instead of receiving the usual, “Your name, madam?”

In many ways prewar Washington was a small town with the atmosphere of a Southern city. It was quite ingrown. It seemed impossible to shake anyone out of a preoccupation with the affairs of government.

The only city in the world at that time to be planned as a nation’s capital, Washington had

been laid out with many traffic circles. (When one-way streets took over, surely this was the place for the old joke, “You can’t get there from here.”) The avenues radiated from the circles for horse-and-buggy travel. The statues were meant to be viewed at a leisurely pace. The mottos over buildings were meant to be guides to the thinking of our great statesmen. The words “Equal Justice under Law” on the Supreme Court Building, for example, and “The Past is Prologue” over the National Archives, stirred even the casual visitor.

At Christmas the holiday customs had a distinctly Southern flavor. The draping of handsome old doorways with long garlands of greenery was new to those of us from the North. Many congressional families made the brief trip to Williamsburg in the festive season for the delightful celebrations in the inns and homes there. There the early English ways took over. Huge napkins were tied around our necks. Suckling pigs were brought out on platters. We were properly introduced to boars’ heads and Yorkshire pudding.

In Washington the whole social structure changed with the coming of a new president. Much of the fascination of Washington lay in the game of watching the “Ins” become the “Outs,” of seeing an imposing social leader, perhaps a famous hostess, lose status after backing the wrong candidate. It was a naughty game, but it was fun.

In September 1939, Europe went to war. Congress was called back to Washington in a special session which began on 21 September. We had had only six weeks at home and this sudden return threw our family off balance. Dick and Brownlee had just settled back into high school in Iowa City, and so, for the only time in our twenty-two years of congressional service, Tom went back to Washington alone. It was a lonesome period, and for Tom a hectic one.

The Military Affairs Committee had been

taking stock of the nation's defenses and were appalled at what they had found. The combined Army and Air Corps totaled only 170,000 men, with inadequate supplies of weapons and munitions to meet the demands of a possible war. Tooling up for production would require at least eighteen months. The time for delivery of needed strategic and critical materials could not even be estimated. The lack of a two-ocean navy pointed to the critical position of the Panama Canal which was badly in need of air defenses. Tom was to make three trips to Panama and countless other trips to inspect military camps, arsenals, and plants involved in the production of armaments and aircraft.

My duties in this time of preparation for war were also increasing. I tried to take care of our constituents whenever possible. Sometimes committee sessions would be open to the public and I would go and listen for long stretches. I heard witnesses giving testimony about such matters as the establishment of family allowances for men in service. At that time a recruit's pay started at less than twenty dollars a month. The whole question of pay increases for the armed services ultimately came before the Military Affairs Committee. Tom and the other members of that committee put in many long hours before, during, and after every session of Congress.

Those were feverish days. The crowds around the Capitol increased in size. People seemed to sense the impending crisis. Buses from all over the country filled every available parking space. Groups of high school seniors who had toured Gettysburg and other historic spots came to Washington wanting to know what was really happening in our country. Convention groups swarmed over us. At their banquets convention-goers wanted men who could speak on foreign relations or military affairs.

Our family life was disrupted. When Tom returned from his inspection trips, he put in long nights at his office catching up on his work

with the use of a dictaphone. I often joined him on those nights, and I quickly learned how appalled he was at our lack of preparedness and our shortages of war materials.

Because of his concern and his army background, he was named to the Conference Committee to adjust differences between the House and Senate bills that provided for the stockpiling of critical and strategic materials. It was a signal honor for a freshman congressman to serve on a joint conference committee. As a result, Tom came to be known as "the Father of the Stockpile Act."

We kept, however, a semblance of normal life. At the Congressional Club the Friday teas continued. Engraved invitations still went out as we clung to the amenities of life. On entering the club one still noticed the strong scent of kid gloves fresh from the cleaners.

Congress remained in session through the long hot summers of 1940 and 1941. There was the growing budget, the increased revenue requirements, preparedness, and foreign policy to consider. In 1941, with all thinking around the Capitol running in the same worried channels, any news from the Japanese embassy spread quickly through the rumor-ridden town. In the lovely garden behind the embassy, where we had often seen gentlemen in black silk kimonos drinking tea, smoke was once seen curling upward from the outdoor fireplace, suggesting to some Washingtonians the burning of papers in the night.

Then, one shrill voice on the radio and our lives were totally changed. On a bright Sunday afternoon, Tom and I were working in his office. It was a good chance to catch up without interruption. Suddenly the door burst open and Brownlee and her new husband, Ray Reiser, rushed in.

"Daddy! The Japanese have bombed Pearl Harbor!"

"That can't be!" Tom said.

We rushed for our car radio and then home.

Ten minutes later, as we reached our door, the phone was ringing. The papers in Iowa wanted Tom's reaction. All he could say was, "I'll have to check these reports. I have just heard the news on my car radio."

"Will you vote for war?" they asked.

He could only say, "It is almost unbelievable that Japan would attack us at Pearl Harbor, one of our very strongest points. Nearly our whole fleet is there—the strongest fleet in the world. I must determine that these reports are authentic." We had little sleep that night, listening to all the news reports we could get.

The next morning was one none of us can ever forget. President Roosevelt addressed a joint session of Congress. I arrived early that morning at the Capitol, making my way through the milling crowds. Tight security was in effect; I had to show my special ticket at different points along the way. Reporters and photographers with special permits were on hand.

Reaching the family gallery, I saw other congressional wives but there was no chatting. We were each engrossed in our own heavy thoughts. Looking down from the gallery at the assembling House members, I saw there was none of the usual bantering among them. I looked at their drawn faces. I tried to recall which ones had sons of an age "to go."

The Speaker of the House, Sam Rayburn, took his place behind the podium and the gavel fell. The invocation followed. Now "Fishbait" Miller, the doorkeeper, in his formal morning clothes, entered through the main door and stood facing the speaker. On being recognized he intoned, "Mr. Speaker, the Senate of the United States." Vice-President Henry Wallace took his place beside the Speaker of the House and the senators took their allotted places. The doorkeeper then announced the diplomatic corps. Next came the Supreme Court, and last of all the Cabinet. I was too numb to make myself say their names as I usually did.

Now a hush fell over the galleries and the

House chamber. The president's arrival was announced and everyone rose and applauded loudly. Along the specially constructed ramp with enclosed sides and rails on each side a gallant figure moved painstakingly up to the desk immediately in front of the Speaker of the House and the vice-president. The continued applause and cheering seemed to give him strength. For us, listening, his words were not so much heard as felt: "A date that will live in infamy!"

When the president finished speaking, he made his slow exit. The different bodies departed one by one until the House members alone remained. Now came the roll call affirming that a state of war existed. Except for Congresswoman Jeannette Rankin of Montana, the vote was unanimous. Now our country was at war. The last step had been taken. There was no turning back.

We were faced now with the harsh realities of war. Controls went quickly into effect. Troop mobilizations put sharp restrictions on travel. Coupons were issued for the purchase of gas, coal, shoes, meat, and canned goods; with rationing also came price-fixing. Military training programs were expanded and accelerated.

By mid-1942 the civil defense program was training us. We learned the different siren whistles: a so-called "blue" signal was an alert, but a "red" signal required that we seek shelter with absolutely no crack of light showing. The air raid wardens donned their tin helmets and, with their flashlights, checked their areas carefully during the tests.

Our good friend, Congressman Bill Hill, who lived across the street from us in Fairfax Village in southeast Washington, was one of the wardens. One lovely evening I was peacefully stretched out in a chair on our lawn when a "blue" signal sounded. Bill was promptly out with his helmet on his head, but he had gotten his signals mixed. Coming along the street and

seeing me he insisted that I go indoors. I protested and argued that it was only "blue." When I see him to this day, I think of our argument over that alert which he finally won by saying, "You get in or take my tin hat."

When the sirens really gave the red signal, we were in for complete darkness at night. The black drapes we bought were not sufficient to prevent a crack of light from showing through. Once we tried to cut a birthday cake for Dick, who was home on leave, by the light from the opened refrigerator. There was an immediate pounding on our door. We slammed the refrigerator shut on our way to answer the door, but we could not fool the warden.

A little booklet on the use of gasoline prescribed exactly what events justified its use. Driving to get one's book of coupons was permitted, even though it took nearly as much gas to drive across town for it as the coupons allowed. Churchgoing was allowed, but ball games were not. This led to a bit of scheming on the part of the Martins. The ball park was in the same block as our church. That church was well attended before games by us as well as by others. And we put ourselves above suspicion by leaving our church program conspicuously on the front seat of our car after the service. Parties did not rate gas. Taxis became scarce for the first time. There were, of course, buses. I remember Mrs. Taft's demonstration of how she traveled by bus with evening slippers in her bag and a string tied around her waist to hold up her long skirt. The quaint and oddly satisfying custom of social calling came abruptly to an end with Pearl Harbor. Gas rationing made it impossible, and it was never revived to any extent.

At the Congressional Club we heard some bewildering speeches. One that quite upset our sober thoughts was made by a British woman who knew what real air raids were. She was not satisfied with any halfway measures for us. We must each clear a passage to our roof to inspect, frequently, for incendiary bombs. She

also said there should be a bucket of sand, a shovel, and a length of hose on each floor. In my mind I could see our small upstairs hall filled with all that equipment. The sober manner of the speaker, her British accent, and the thought of a cluttered upstairs hall somehow combined to make me feel quite silly. My good friend sitting next to me on the front row was affected in exactly the same way. Trying not to act like foolish schoolgirls, we suppressed our desires to giggle until our sides ached.

I performed better in our first aid class. We bandaged each other as we stretched out on the ballroom floor, put on splints, and marked each other's foreheads with lipstick to tell the exact time when a tourniquet had been put on. Along with our fun, we learned more than a little. I distinguished myself by receiving the highest grade in our final first aid test.

June 6, 1944. At home in Iowa for the primary election, we were awakened early in the morning by a loudspeaker from a sound truck proclaiming, "This is D-Day! The invasion of Normandy has begun!" Up and down the streets of Iowa City the truck sounded its message. The memory strikes a chill over me yet.

In November 1944 President Roosevelt broke all traditions with his election to a fourth term, but everywhere there was speculation about how long he could live. Every conceivable thing was done to conserve his strength while at the same time concealing his illness.

The inaugural in January 1945 was held on the south portico of the White House instead of at the Capitol, as was usually the case. The members of Congress and other guests stood out in the weather with snow all around and witnessed the president's brief, dramatic appearance, wearing his cape and supported by his son, James. After the ceremonies, we had tickets admitting us inside, where we were received by Mrs. Roosevelt and Mrs. Truman. Bess Truman was quite in character as she

stood a step behind Mrs. Roosevelt. I nearly overlooked her. I remember that the refreshments seemed odd for a White House setting: coffee in paper cups and hot dogs.

Mrs. Roosevelt was taking a more important role in every way. She was an ex officio member in cabinet meetings. She and her daughter Anna Eleanor went to the graveside services at Arlington National Cemetery for the funeral of General Watson, who had died on the return trip from the Yalta Conference in February. At the funeral President Roosevelt remained inside his car, which pulled up and stopped exactly beside Tom. From such close range Tom could not fail to notice the president's pallor. He noted that it was clearly apparent where his makeup stopped.

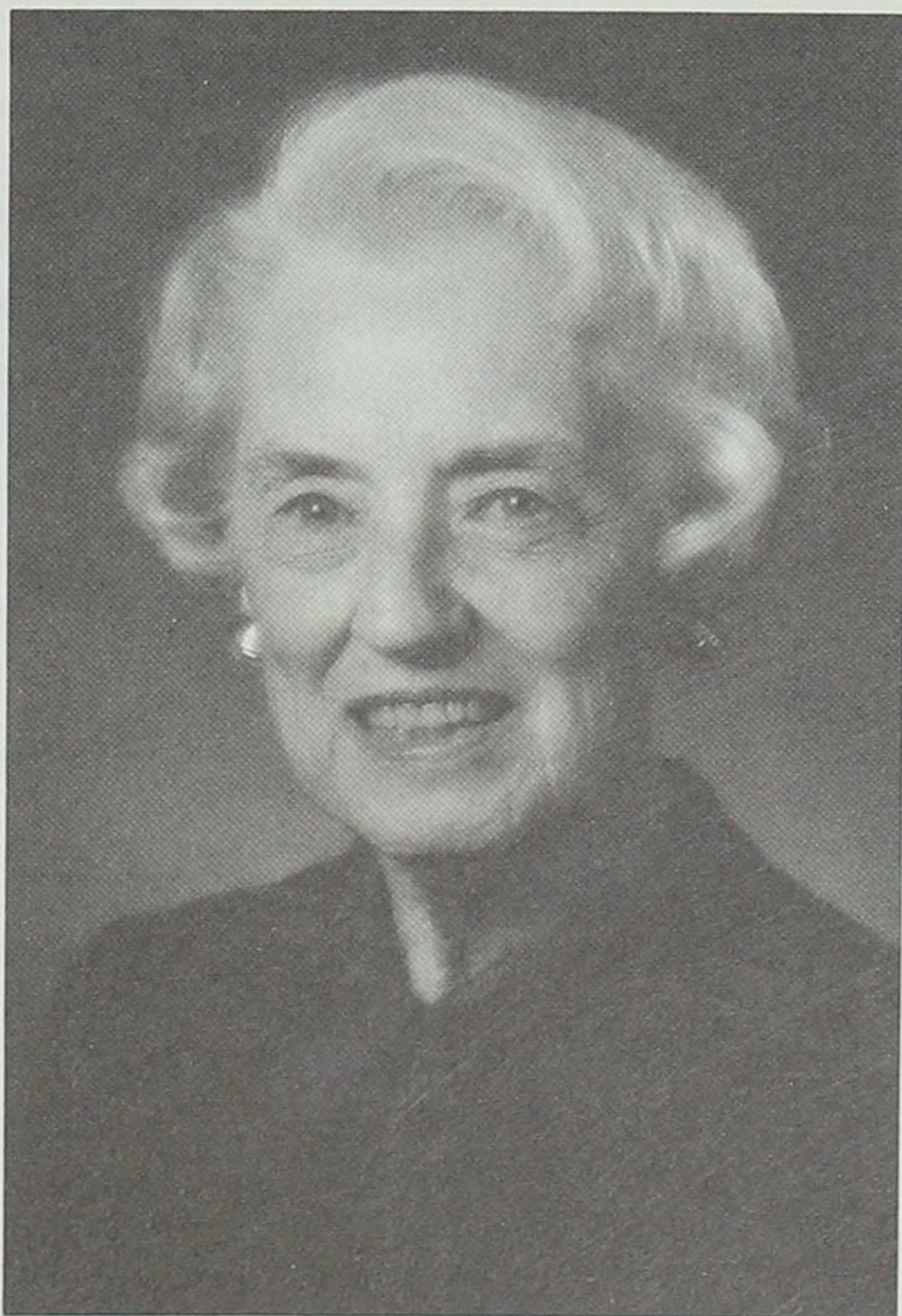
On March 1 President Roosevelt was scheduled to make his report on Yalta to a joint session of Congress. Tom told me that I should let nothing interfere with my being present because, he said, "This will be the last time you will see him alive." He said it with such finality I was appalled. I remember that after hearing Tom's words I sat quietly at my dressing table trying to understand what he had said.

Detailed arrangements were made for the president's appearance at the Capitol. It was no longer possible for him to make his traditional brave entrance, moving along on the specially constructed ramp with handrails, his powerful shoulders swinging his helpless legs.

This time he was carried in a chair and placed down in the well of the House chamber with a microphone on a table in front of him. His words came falteringly. Time and again I felt he would not be able to continue. Then I would look across the chamber to the president's gallery, which was directly opposite the family gallery where I was sitting. I could see Mrs. Roosevelt clearly as she followed the pages of his speech in her lap. In the dreadful lapses, when we all held our breath, she never seemed to look up from the pages to him. It was beyond my understanding.

On April 12, the news of the president's death came from Warm Springs, Georgia. From that moment until his burial at Hyde Park we heard only funereal music on the radio. How sad that he could not have lived a few months longer to see V-E Day in May or V-J Day in August 1945.

We now had a new president and a new first lady. What would it mean? As a senator, Harry Truman had been a genial, easygoing fellow. On a trip to Panama, when members of the Senate and House Military Committees had traveled together, Tom had found him a congenial traveling companion who took the press and the photographers much as they took him. He never seemed to push himself into the spotlight.



Dorris Brownlee Martin in 1980. (courtesy the author)

Bess Truman, however, at once showed her distaste for her official chores. She wanted only to be with her close circle of canasta-playing friends and to live quietly in a modest apartment in Washington or, preferably, back home in Independence, Missouri. Her friends from Missouri felt the same way about her. They once made front-page news when they traveled in a group to Washington, D.C. Neatly dressed, almost in uniform, and with their hair freshly "permed," they tasted the excitement of the White House. Any one of them could have stepped into Bess's shoes and the public might not have noticed the difference.

My next door neighbor was a secretary at the White House. She was aware how hard it was for Mrs. Truman to be continuously governed by protocol. During the early months of the administration, when she received guests she propelled them along at a speed which discouraged any small talk. I recall that Bess Truman had put in "Ozark Pudding" as her favorite recipe in the Congressional Cook Book; those political cookbooks tell much about people.

Secrecy in wartime was taken for granted. I never expected to know much about Tom's

committee trips, even when one of those trips kept us from our son's wedding. Later I learned what that particular committee was looking into: our scientists had conducted a test in New Mexico that had been completely successful. The atomic bomb had been exploded.

The long and costly experiment was considered a fortunate development which might bring the terrible war in the Pacific to an end. Thus President Truman ordered the dropping of such a device on Hiroshima on August 6, 1945. On August 9, a second bomb was dropped on Nagasaki. Five days later the Japanese accepted the Allied terms and the war came to an end.

* * *

We were to have many more, and equally busy, years in Washington as Tom continued to serve as a member of the House of Representatives and, ultimately, as a United States Senator from Iowa. He would spend a total of twenty-two years in Washington representing the citizens of the state of Iowa. Those first years (1938-1945), however, were years of great changes and great challenges for Tom, for the Martin family, and for our nation. What was achieved in those years more than made up for the discomforts, the long hours, and the occasional uncertainties of life in the nation's capital. For I can admit that we grew to love our life in Washington even in its most turbulent moments. □

Note on Sources

This article was drawn from the first portion of Mrs. Martin's full-length manuscript, *Senate Wife*, which describes the twenty-two years Tom and Dorris Martin spent in Washington, D.C., representing the citizens of the state of Iowa.